

T H E
D Y I N G G R O A N S

O F

Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Being his grievous COMPLAINTS
against the Brewers of Bad ALE.

To which is added,



DONAL DROUTH's Reply, with a
large Description of his Drunken
WIFE.

Also the COPY of a SUMMONS, for any
drunken PERSON, by inserting their
Names in the Blanks.



Published at the desire of all BARLEY
BIBBERS and Lovers of good ALE.

1790

The Dying Groans of Sir John Barly-corn
I Sir John Bailey Corn being now drove
 near the last period of my life, think it
 proper befor I depart and be no more, to
 give the world a relation of my nativity, my
 last wishes and dying words: with my kind
 caution to my beloved friends and compan-
 ions the innumerable tribe of Barley-bibbers.

I do this very day protest against the op-
 pression wherewith I am loaded, why, and
 for what is it so? Mr Maltman, answer me if
 you can: And if no accusation, cause Maggy
 Bungs the Brewer who design my death, to
 open her mouth, reveal her grievances, I will
 hear her complaint with patience, answer her
 demand in all points, withstand her and all
 the world, though on her side, but plowmen.

Who on earth now this day is more an-
 cient than I, who am three days older than
 Adam the father of mankind. Death the
 king of terrors who has killed and conquer-
 ed all since Adam's days came into the world
 after me, but for his genealogy let the cler-
 gy count. Cain himself tilled the ground,
 that I might be Multiplied for the nourish-
 ment of mankind: Noah also is said to loath
 the blood of the grape when he fast'd of me,
 and if you will credit Diadorus the historian,
 he rooted out his vines and planted me in his
 garden; and in the days of wicked Ahab and
 Jezebel, I Sir John withstood the scorching
 strokes of Donal Drouth, in his full strength,
 for the space of three years and a half, and
 none could be found to stand it, but Mr O-
 live and myself; all this I did to save man-
 kind alive, and for what now will ye put me
 to death? Why Mrs. Bungs, it is to keep a
 caesar from his duty, should a Champions

as I be at ease in a time of trouble, who has knocked down thousands of mortals in a night, if you cannot live by me, go to your own shift, and then your broad buttocks and bubbies will fall down in loose leather like piper's bag wanting wind.

One penny farthing out of a gallen, is the additional duty charged by law or new edict, and though it were divided between Madam Cockee and you, it is unreasonable to refuse it for my sake, who has often made you merry, at night, and to go a mourning in the morning: O! my head, O! my heart, says Katy Catch cap, I will drink no more till I get it; but after mid-day when her fever falls low, and throat turned dry, she swallows me up by piuts and bottles; and yet these ungreatful sisters, co-in iniquity, Bungs and Catch-cap, who have licked their thumbs and laid them together a join without justice, to cheat the king, poison yourselves, and murder me, glutting up your vats with water; which is not easy born in, for it is so weighty to me, that my spirits are quite sunk away, that my old friends whom I used to make merry and half mad, have turned their backs upon me, and calls me water bewitch'd. Die, die, how can I but die? O death, come and take me from the hands of my tormentors; for I'll die through perfect spite, that Bungs and Chatch-cap may soon follow, for, they cannot live behind me, and yet put me daily to a lingering death; my poor honest Uncle who comes to visit me every day, tho' unwelcomed by them, sees a great alteration in my countenance, his figured Pole cannot now reach the bottom of the tub, but takes his hand near the elbow, besides what

is stolen away and hid amongst the kail-stocks in the yeard, below beds, stables and straw-houses: and even in company with good wife's member-mugs, where I must stand in the stink until starved as dead as a door nail; and when brought to bed with bittrick barm my beloved spouse, my vitals are not so cold, weak and lifeless, that we scarce can play biss; not like the days of yore, when I used to salute my Uncle, and all who came to see me with a white hat and merry song, and fiercely make the corks fly from the bottles as a ball from a gun, Ah! how can I but weep, wring my hands, sigh and groan to be launched out of this weary world, yet my only comfort is, few ever died with a better conscience than mine, for I defy the whole race of mankind to bring me in guilty of one criminal action: I have heard of many malefactors indeed, who could give no reason for their own wickedness, but they were drunk, or the devil entered them; but who made them drunk? did I ever run after them, calling after them to come and drink me? did I ever roll myself up their breasts and run down their throats unawares? not I indeed! for their own hands carried me to their heads; and who takes more of me than his constitution can carry, is foolish, and strives to abuse me, which I will not suffer, I will still be master; for I was still ordained from the beginning to sustain the children of men; one generation, have come and another have gone since the creation, and I have out lived them all to this present age, and now before I die, I charge the seed of Adam, to convict me of ought but selfdefence. When

any takes more of me than he can carry, I ought in all justice to knock him down.

DONAL DROUTH'S *Reply,*
with a Description of his Drunken WIFE.

I DONAL DROUTH have heard thy vindication, O BARLEY-CORN! and if all the world should become as the dogs in Egypt not to move their tongues against thee, I will not be silent, until I have satisfaction for what thou hast done unto me, and my subject, and if I had my legions all appetized, we ought to swallow thee up alive; even for the tipping entisment wherewith thou led my spouse Margret Gills the Bottle-sucker, astray; she was the wife of my youth, who hugged me always in her bosom yet with her thou fuddled and scuddled, bouzing about, even in this island of great Britain. Ah! how dreadful was that time to me, when the brewers tossed out my brains into a fiery liquor called Whisky, my beloved Gills the Bottle-sucker, joined the Blue-squarón, or Acquavita-club, days and nights their conflict lasted, scarcely two night in bed a week; hard duty indeed for clashing wives, being usually divided into classes or clubs, commonly six in a company, but of them all, Gills was chief instructor, what to drink, and how to raise the coin for the other cooler, casting ravel and pledging petty-coats to make other a mends, swearing I am as good a fellow as you, and I'll be as dear as any in the company, &c.

Home she comes, makes the whole house to reel, and the girdle ring like a bell; beats her servants out of doors, and kicks the child-

ten thro' the house like foot-balls: Oh! said I, my dear, you had best go to bed, for which she flapp'd me on the face with her shoe, pulls of my wigg and throws it into the boiling pot, which I had to pull out with the flesh-hook. she thinking it was greens would have it to supper, but found it too tough, ordered it to be boiled again, and so went to bed with me in her bosom; bu., Ah! her breath came out as a flame, or as the mouth Aetna, and when she pass'd wind backward, it came forth in a stream like a blue ribbon, and had I not made a window on the backside of my bed for fresh air, I had undoubtedly been suffocated many times in her drunken fits. Next day she would get up about mid day, though sick and dry, yet to her fellowship once more in the evening, to condole one another's miseries; come, says Gills, let us join for a bottle of true blue! and bring the big glass, which they call the morning Star; this laid the ground stone, and made them rift at both the ends like the riving of barns: They says Mrs Hatch-a-Packet, I have strange news to tell; and what is that, cries Mrs Inquisitive? Indeed sirs, it is told to me for a truth, that there is a man has sticked his mare wth the mortar-stone; strange sirs, cries Mrs White Lips the landlady, there is ay accidents falling out in some part, I knew my dream that I would hear of murder; ay, said she, and just in the next town to that, there is a dead horse has kicked out a blind man's eye; vow sirs, said they, that is worse news yet, it makes a' my flesh grew to hear of it; then in comes Mr Jolly Kite the landlord, saying great news the day, there is no more Whisky to be

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brewed, it is done by the Parliament; a vow
first cried they all, clapping their hand, the
worst news comes now ever we heard of, a
black action indeed for brewers and drinkers.
Home comes my jewel Gills, sick indeed, and
went to bed with sorrow, but for her better
comfort, I purchased her a barrel of Whisky,
wherein she swatted like a scow, supping at a
Webster's sowing, until she took fire in the
middle, and lowed at both the ends, and so
she died with her belly full of her best be-
loved, by which means I got quit of a scold,
and shal never be wed again while Whisky
is sold so cheap in Britain, and thanks to good
Sir John for doing me justice herein.

A COPY of a S U M M O N for any
drunken P E R S O N.

At Tipping hooly, the day of 1790.
G E O R G E &c.

W H E R E A S it is humbly meant and shewn to
us, by our Lovite, Sir JOHN ALLAN MALT of
Maltcorn, that you.

have been guilty of the beastly and abominable sin
of DRUNK NES S, whereby you ruin your fami-
ly, murder your health, and will soon turn (if not
already) bristle-fac'd, scarlet nos'd light footed, and
giddy-headed; that you attempted to walk on the
crown of your head, whe according to the custom
of this, and every other well-governed realm, or
town, You ought to have walked on the soles of
your feet: All which can well be proven against
You.

I JOHN TUMBLER Messenger, being depute re-
ceiver of all DRUNKEN GROATS in this
Realm, do therefore, in the name and authority of
the Members of our Parliament, lawfully summons,
warn, and charge You, the said.

to pay to me, here present the sum of FOUR

SHILLINGS, Scots-money. yet, if You voluntarily confels your faulty, You shall pay only one equal half of said sum; but if you remain contumacious, the foresaid sum shall be redoubled *(toties quoties)*. I therefore, in name and authority above-mentioned, do prohibit you, ay and until you make satisfaction for the foresaid crimes, from frequenting all or any public fairs, bridel houses, ale houses, baudy-houses, oyster cellars, and dram-shops; and from the company of tobacco-smokers, gin-drinkers, and snuff-takers. I also in the same name and authority, debar you from fishing in Healty Loch or Skeilty-Loch, or any running pool or standing pool until satisfaction be made.

Further, as it has been found proven, that you have been really guilty of that abominable and notorious crime of drunkenness, I therefore desire and require, that you make speedy and immediate payment of the sum above specified, and that within the space of three minutes after this sum and decree is read; and in case of non payment, after this warning, I then proceed by virtue of my commission above mentioned, to prohibit and debar you from being received into any company, or society whatever, from the northernmost part of Greenland to the southernmost part of Wales, on pain of being put to the HORN, &c. &c. &c.

THIS is to our sheriffs of our sherriffdoms, stewarts of our warrtries, and bailies of regalties, and all others, the officers and exccutors of our law, to interpose their power and authority to assist us in the execution of this our decret, it being conform to law.

Given at our Court, day and date above-mentioned, at the Cock-head, near the Barrel-bung, adjacent to the Gill net; before these witnesses, Sir Thomas Drouth, Sir George Thrifty Thraple, Sir Robert Scuds, Sir Samul Dross, Sir William Wort and Sir Allan Maltcorn, all Knights of good Stout Brown, &c. Jona TUMBLER.

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